

FENNORS Descriptions,
OR
A TRUE RE-
LATION OF CER-

taine and diuers speeches, spoken be-
fore the King and Queenes most excellent Maiestie,
the Prince his highnesse, and the Lady
ELIZABETH'S Grace.

By
WILLIAM FENNOR, His Maiesties
Seruant.



LONDON,

Printed by EDWARD GRIFFIN, for GEORGE
GIBBS, and are to bee sold at his shop in
Pauls Church-yard at the signe of the
Flower-De-luce, 1616.

THE NEW OR
A TRAVEL
LATION OF CER-

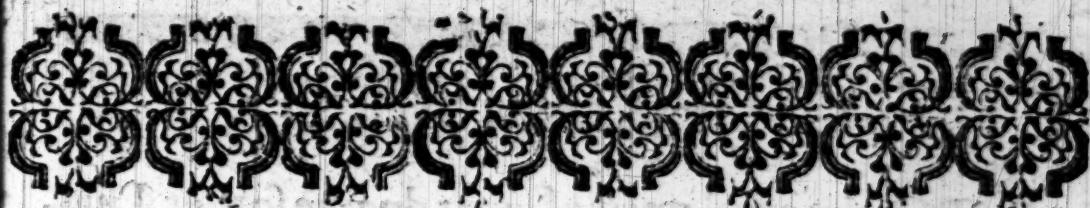
tain and other places, together
with the King and Queen's most excellent Highnesses
the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York
and the Duke of Gloucester.

By
WILLIAM PENNANT, Esq.
Secretary.



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Printed by E. & J. B. for George
Giles, and sold at his shop in
St. Paul's Church-yard, London.
1710.



TO THE RIGHT
HONORABLE WILLIAM,

Earle of Pembroke, LORD

Chamberlaine of his Maiesties houshold,

*Knight of the most Noble Order
of the Garter, &c.*

THis silly Infant, borne before the time,
Got life by reason, though begot in ryme
By hir true father; she is very yong,
And yet as females quickly finde a tongue,
So doth this changeling babble for a Patron,
Forakes hir Father, and out-runnes hir Matron.
At length for hir protection she hath found,
Your honour with a wreath of vertues crown'd,
To whom hir selfe she humbly dedicates
That knew hir birth, and breeding, let the Fates
Proue happy to the end of your liues race,
To crowne your Greatnesse, with immortall grace.
Your Honors euer bounden in all duties,

William Fennor.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

VOrthy gentlemen, of what degree soever, I suppose this Pamphlet will hap into your hands, before a play begin, with the importunate clamour, of *Buy a new Booke*, by some needy companion, that will be glad to furnish you with worke for a turn'd Teaster. I rest well assured some of you will know mee at the sight of the infant, to such I commend it for acquaintance sake; others (I make no question) haue heard of me, to those I send it, in hope of better acquaintance; A third sort (it may be) neuer knew mee, nor I thinke care not whether euer they doe or no: To them I present it as carelesly, as vnthrifts spend their annuities. Last to Criticks, I wish it may hap as seldome into their hands, as Vfurers giue almes, or Lawyers plead *pro nihil*. If any chance to say my inuention runs low, in regard I sell relations for demonstrations, to such I answer, not like a light huswife, that will be wonne before she be wooed; but like a chaste virgin that would be scarce wonne with wooing: as for example, it is three yceres since I spake some of these speeches, and since that time I haue bene earnestly intreated by noble personages (who haue had private copies for their owne vse) to print it for publike delight, at length I consented, & since I am won, haue amongst you gallants, let it speed as it will. This is my comfort, how ere it proue in the reading, it was well lik't in the rehearsing, by that Imperiall power; for whose prosperous continuance we are all in durie bound to pray, *Farewell.*

Tours in honest mirth,
W. F.



In Laudem Authoris.

WHat Enthousiasmos, what celestiall spirit,
what sacred fury doth thy braines inherit?
When as without the libertie of time,
with reason thou dost couch thy witty ryme
So quicke, so nimble, and acute that all
wise men, will hold thy wit Canonically.
Why shouldst thou not then weare a wreath of bayes,
nay a whole grone of Lawrell to thy praise
On thy ingenious temples, seeing no man
can match thee, our times best Ouidian?
Though in this wit-blest age ther's many men,
haue gain'd them endlesse glory by their penne,
Yet none of these could ever say like thee,
that what they writ, was done extempore.
Therefore were I thy Patrone and possessor
but halfe that wealth, wherewith some men are blest:
Thou shouldst for ever in thy life inherite
meanes, as were correspondent to thy merit:
And being dead thy name should live inroul'd,
not in conrse parchment, but rich leaues of gold.

John Meltonne.



In Laudem Authoris.

WH^y hath thy penne beene hid in obscure shades,
or thy lines lockt in the darke wombe of night,
Which being publish't, when thy body fades,
in earths deepe Cauernes may giue others light?
Thy Muse the loue of Noble-men perswades
to shelter her, by their protecting might,
Gain'st pining enuy, who with rusty blades,
stands opposite against good workes to fight;
With belching hate, who her full gorge vnloads,
to make wit loathsome in the vulgar fight
Of men illiterate, and Mechanicke trades,
that scarce can iudge betwixs the wrong and right,
Of thy indeanours which the heart invades
of worth (to praise thee) what though Criticks bite,
And through the gulf of base disliking wades,
so farre vntill she drowne her selfe in spight
Of all mans succour, other winching iades
can like of nothing, but all things indight,
To their owne censures; but bright fame shall spread
hir leaues, where thou shalt liue, when thou art dead.

Tho. Gunson.



TO HIS FRIEND
M^r. FENNOR.

I Prayse thee not because thou art my friend,
nor would I hate thee, if thou wert my foe,
But these good parts in thee I must commend,
Which Art and Nature did on thee bestow
In thy blest cradle, but goe forward still,
Make thy friends sharers of thy nimble quill.

J. B.

B

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The



The Description of a Poet.

A Poets life is most vnfortunate,
Gouern'd by Starres of high malignant fate;
Yet for his worth thus high my pen shall raise him,
The rankled tooth of enuy neuer stayes him
From writing nobly. A true Poet can
Describe the inside of an outward man:
Kill him in's life time, make him liue being dead,
His lines with Bayes adorne his victors head:
This is his chiefeft blessing to be good:
But when his writings are not vnderstood,
(O) tis a plague beyond mans patient thought,
What he makes good a multitude makes nought.
A horrid murtherer, or a base theefe
In his foule bosome harbours lesser grieffe,
Then heauen-bred Poesye: they shall be tryed
By vpright Iustice, and their faults descried
Before a publike Bench, hold vp their hand
And plead not guiltie, on their iust cause stand,
Twelue men empannelled to finde this out
Before the sentence passe, to cleere the doubt,
Of iudging rashly. But sweet Poesye
Is oft conuict, condem'd, and iudg'd to die
Without iust triall, by a multitude
Whose iudgements are illiterate, and rude.

The Description of a Poet.

Witnesse *Sceianus*, whose approued worth,
Sounds from the calme South, to the freezing North.
And on the perfum'd wings of *Zepherus*,
In triumph mounts as farre as *Aeolus*,
With more then humane art it was bedewed,
Yet to the multitude it nothing shewed;
They screwed their scuruy iawes and look't awry,
Like hissing snakes adiudging it to die:
When wits of gentry did applaud the same,
With Siluer shouts of high lowd sounding fame:
Whil't vnderstanding grounded men contemn'd it,
And wanting wit (like fooles to iudge) condemn'd it.
Clapping, or hissing, is the onely meane
That tries and seaches out a well writ Sceane.
So is it thought by *Ignoramus* crew,
But that good wits acknowledge 's vntrue;
The stinckards oft will hisse without a cause,
And for a baudy ieast will giue applause.
Let one but aske the reason why they roare
They'l answere, cause the rest did so before.
But leauing these who for their iust reward,
Shall gape, and gaze, amongst the fooles in th'yard.
Now to our Poets; they are much like mothers,
That loue their owne babes farre aboue all others
Though harder fauor'd: so a Poets quill
With his owne labours best doth please his will,
The reasons this; because he knowes the paines
He tooke in the Composing, from whose braines,
A Poets worth takes birth, at first ti's weake
Till by the life of Action it doth speake,

The Description of a Poet.

In a square Theator ; yet vnderstand
The Actor speakes but at the second hand.
The Poet scans, and knowes, what best befits
His birth whom he adornes with *Epethites*,
Congruus accents : but I heere strike saile
That haue iust cause my weakenesse to bewaile,
That am no Poet, rather a poore pleader
For friendly sentence from the iudging Reader,
As you allow the best, forgiue whats ill,
Though harshly wrote accept of my good will.



FINIS.

B 3 -

**A description of the *Palsgraues* Coun-
trei, as it was deliuered in a speech before the
King, the Prince, the Lady ELIZABETH,
at White-Hall. By W. F.**

THe mornings Bridegroom with his Rosie cheek
inuites chaste *Cynthia* to a Royall feast :
Long for her welcome presence did he seeke,
to grace his Princely region in the East,
Fairst *Phebes* light he doth esteeme diuine,
to make his splendor mongst the *Germanes* shine.

High Princely *Palsgraue*, Protestants Protector,
loud sounding fames report, *Germanes* rich treasure,
Arch-shewer of the Empire, chiefe Elector,
whose yea, or nay, sets vp, or puts downe *Cesar*.
O! let it not in me be thought ambition,
To shew the Countries worth, and Thy condition.

On the right side of *Pals* the riuer *Rhine*,
runnes swimming by the bankes of pleasant vines,
Vpon whose tops bright *Sol* so warme doth shine,
that from the flintie rockes flow *Rennish* wines,
And on the left side glides the gentle maine,
there are few Lands haue two such flouds againe.

These

of the *Paltsgraue* Countrey.

These riuers meet at *Mence* and are vnited,
like *Gemeni* to swim towards Belgicke Seas,
But vpward these sweet waters are diuided
for *Pals-Lands* comfort and the people ease:
The *Rhyne* brings boats vnto each South-ward Towne,
but in the North the maine brings treasure downe

From *Brandenburgh* and *High-borne Saxons* Land,
great Chamberlaine, and Lord high Martiall;
Mence, *Triurs*, and *Cullen*, for the Popes right stand,
if either side in choice be partiall,
Bohemiaes King he is indifferent,
betwixt the Papist and the Protestant.

These are the senen pillars of the Land,
on which great Europe Empire standeth fast
Pals, *Brandenburgh*, and *Saxony* in one hand,
vnite their strength which makes their powers last:
The Popish Prelates at these Princes frowne,
yet these three Protestants vphold the Crowne.

To second them ther's *Brund-swicks* valiant Duke,
Hessons great *Landsgraue* worthy of renowne,
And for the Popes right ther's the Prince of *Luke*,
the Citie *Cullen* and great *Ausburge* Towne,
But *Franchfor ds* force with Protestants doth hold,
which by the *Palsgraues* power make Papists cold.

In

A Description

In this faire *Frankford* *Cesar* was instal'd,
this Citie borders on the *Palsgraues* Land,
Tis richly furnisht and most strongly wal'd,
well stor'd withall prouision, stoutly man'd.
But leauing *Frankford* seated on the maine,
the bridge hath brought me into *Pals* againe.

Betwixt the Riuer that are nam'd before
the *Palsgraues* Land stands like a Paradise:
The ground is fruitfull yeelding vine-yards store,
and mightie woods for hunting exercise
Stand on the hills, inuironing the plaines,
these Forrests brings the *Palsgrau* trebble gaines.

First they enrich his Countrey (large) with wood,
secondly, they afford him venison store,
Thirdly, for hunting pleasures they are good,
to rouse the Stagge, or chase the tusked Bore:
If man on earth would chuse a place of pleasure,
His Country yeelds it in exceeding measure.

On rocky cliffs his stately Castles stand,
like to mount *Sion* built of Marble stone;
With turrets out of which he viewes his Land,
such worthy prospects heere are few or none.
Their aire it is so wholesome kinde and sweet,
they seldome die till death and age doe meete.

of the Palsgraues Countrey.

At *Bachrade* stands a Castle on a clift,
and vnderneath a Citty of some state,
Which euer is his eldest sonnes by gift,
it would seeme tedious if I should relate
Each seuerall Castle, but let mee report
the state of *Hedelberge* his Princely Court.

Palace of pleasure and a house of State,
his winters *White-Hall*, and his summers *Hampton*,
A Riuer glideth vnderneath the gate,
which brings him plentie, nothing hath he lack on :
There stands a vessell which shall neare want wine,
so long as earth beares fruit, or sunne doth shine.

Braue Knights and Barons on his grace attend,
His Countries ordered by a Martiall :
All strangers doe his government commend,
because in nothing he is partiall,
But deales withall according to desert,
which makes all people honour him in heart.

His Court is pleasant, and his person Royall,
his Councell graue, his Officers care true ;
His Gentry faithfull, and his Commons loyall,
his lands are fruitfull, what can then ensue ?
Nothing but his Religion, which is groundd
vpon the Gospell that hath Rome confounded.

The Description

In him there flowes the best of Art and Nature,
himselfe like *David*, and his Court like *Sion*;
Of louely visage and of comely stature,
yet full of maiesty as is a Lion,
For with seueritie his grace is kinde,
Iustice and pittie in his heart are ioyn'd.

What may be in a Prince in him their flowes,
excepting Vice for that he euer hated;
What should be in a Prince in him their growes:
for *Englands* good this good Prince was created,
His Lawes are iust his gouernment is ciuill,
he doth pursue good and escheweth euill.

Many braue Castles his faire Land doth yeeld,
and toll houses vpon the riuer *Rhine*,
Which vnderneath his Castles he doth build,
to store his Coffers with all Countrey coyne,
Each passage boate before they passe away,
vnto these Toll-houses must custome pay.

Five Princes in this iron age suruiue,
which makes it seeme the siluer world againe:
To match them hardly shall we finde out five
yet weell forbear to speake of *France* or *Spain*,
Five heires, five youths, five kinsmen, and five Princes,
Of one Religion, though in five Prouinces.

Yong

of the Palsgraues Countrey.

Yong Prince of *Hesson* is the first must enter,
to act his vertues on the worlds Theater;
Tis hard to finde a yong man on earth's center,
that is a vertue lover and vice hater,
Old *Landsgraues* glasse hath many houres to runne,
whil'ft all his vertues liueth in his Sonne.

Yong Prince of *Brundswicke* craues the second place,
whose vertues with him brings a noble spirit:
Hee's milde and courteous, mixt with maiesticke grace,
his praise is not so much as he doth merit:
A Prince, a Schollar, and a Trauailer,
a peacefull youth and yet a Souldier.

Yong Prince of *Brandenbergh*, Prince absolute,
for now thou raignest in thy Fathers stead;
Thy eares are open vnto euerr suite,
thy hand is prone to euery worthy deed,
Many degrees thy vertues doe commence,
Brandenburgh neuer had a better Prince.

Yong Prince of *Pals*, or *Palsgrau* of the *Rhine*,
were this a Chronicle and the letters gold;
To register thy vertues most diuine,
to make all Nations wonder to behold,
Thy grace of all their goodnesse doth allow,
But all their graces to thy goodnesse bowe.

A Description

Yong Prince of *England* period of my praise,
thy vertues now thou entrest fils the round,
Subduing euill and all good to raise,
thy powers ready now my praise is crown'd :
Foure kingdomes comfort, and Great *Brittaines* ioy,
mischiefe befall him that thinkes the annoy.

These Princes feuerall vertues doe agree,
and in a true coniunction symphathize ;
When Princely fruit springs from a royall tree,
there future branches to the like state rise :
Each of these are their Countries ioyfull hope,
friends to the Gospel, foes toth' Diuell and Pope.

Three matchlesse Virgins in this wanton age,
vertue doth heere commend for the worlds mirror;
Their hallowed feete tread on *Dyanes* stage,
their spotlesse thoughts are free from female error :
In framing of these three, Nature did well,
but made a fourth that doth her selfe excell.

Hessons faire Virgin one of vertues traine,
Lady of pleasure, and the Nymph of peace;
Whose face the stampe of beaurty doth containe,
which in her liuely image neare shall cease;
A match fit for a Prince, sweet Saint-like creature,
wonder of all that gaze on thy faire feature.

Brann

of the Palsgraues Countrey.

Brunswicks bright Virgin, *Germanies* lovely rose,
whose vestall lampe shines like the Moone at full,
Thou art admired by the Dutch-land Froes,
Saxony vowes thy blowming bud to pull:
A Prince of vertues and a Princesse true
who can deny, when such for loue doe sue.

Brandingburghs Sister of an Angels face,
the top of vertue and the branch of beautie;
Of humble, modest, and maiesticke grace,
the gods haue stroue who first should shew their duty,
Dyan and *Venus* are for hir at strife;
which choise is best for hir, a maide or wife.

Thus they contend each houre 'bout all three;
Dyan speakes, Virgins hearken to my voyce,
Keepe your selues single if you would liue free,
Venus sayes sports in bed cause maides reioyce.
But let them chide, I can iudge neither rude,
till the fourth virgin wife the iarre conclude.

Englands faire *Phœnix*, *Europes* admiration,
of matchlesse beauty, yet of vertue rare;
A kingdomes comfortable consolation
who euer rarest is, yet she is rarer.
Now in the East she lets her splendor shine
all doe confesse she is a light diuine.

A Description, &c.

She seeing *Dyan* and *Loues* Queene at odds,
Dyan made claime, bright *Venus* swore shee'd haue hir,
At last the cause being heard before the gods;
Hymen stood vp and this sweet sentence gaue hir,
For chaste virginittie, mates hast thou none,
and being wed like thee, shall scarce be one.

Poets leaue writing of the *Gracian* Queene,
and of *Aeneas*, Lady *Venus* sonne:
Two rarer beauties shortly shall be seene
in *Almany*, when *Englands* pride is wonne.
Make hast yong Prince, swim liuely downe the *Rhine*,
to stile hir peerlesse Princessse *Palatine*.

Lend all your hands to knit this Princely knot,
all euerlasting ioy binde sure the same;
A noble Prince, a Princessse without spot,
will fill the trump of euer sounding fame:
All *Europes* bells that ioyfull day shall ring,
Pals hath ioyn'd power, with *Englands* royall King.

FINIS.



Cupids iourney to Germanie and
the effects of the same.

When *Hymen* had his sentence ended,
He of the gods was much commended,
Venus was buxome blith and glad
But *Dyans* front with frownes look't sad,
Almaine was filld with loves desires
Their heart flam'd *Citharean* fiers,
Oldenburgs Earle and *Hessons* Prince
Sent presents from their hearts Prouince:
Loue in a rich shape crost the maine
From Courtly *France* and haughty *Spaine*,
With hope to gaine this matchlesse prize,
But stormes of *Non-suite* did arise,
Which fill'd their sailes with discontent,
And blew them backe incontinent.

Then *Cupid* tooke a box of balme,
And gaue to *Neptune* for a calme;
To *Aeolus* he sent a ring,
Intreating him no sighs to fling:
In his sailes forefront thus he went
To th' Seas imbark't with sweet content,
Sweet *Zephirus* to winne a wreath
Into loves sailes goodwill did breath,
Which soone conuey'd him to the *Rhine*
Where *Bacchus* quaffes vp *Rennish* wine.

There

Cupids iourney to Germany,

There *Cupid* feasted in each Court
And at the length met true report,
Whose newes did cause the boy admire,
Filling his heart with ardent fire.
And presently he mounts the skies,
To craue one of his mothers eyes :
Shee grants the suite and thus she spake,
Ile doe it for the Princes sake.
Hir left eye she plac't in his forehead,
Which made the God of loue adored.
He tooke his leaue and humbly bends,
And from hir Deity descends ;
The winged youth who vnderstood,
His way by's eye through thickest wood,
Where *Siluan* tooke vp her stay,
And met with *Cupid* on the way,
But she from him began to flye,
When she percein'd he had an eye,
Least he her nakednesse should see
She throwdes hir selfe behide a tree.
For *Autumne* that the field bereaues
Had left hir nought but withered leaues.
Cupid amaz'd kept still the path
Which brought him to a priuate bath,
And close by it a thicket stood,
More like an Arbour then a Wood,
The willowes twisted arme in arme,
To keepe the Bower in winter warme,
And in the summer when the sunne
Through the high *Meridian* runne,

Hee

and the effects of the same.

Hee cannot pearce in with bright eyes
But peepe through hole cut checker wise.
This Arbor fil'd with naked Imphes,
The thrice three Muses and their Nymphes.
Dyan with sundry flowers crown'd
Begirt about with Virgins round:
Cupid drew nye and got a sight,
Which bred in him no small delight.
None did deny the shamefast boy,
But in him tooke exceeding ioy
Saue Dyan, whose wrath did inuade hir,
Vntill at length all did perswade hir
To smiling mirth which shee allowes
And tooke her violl from the bowes,
Whereon most sweetly she did play
A well contriued *Roundelay*.
Which ravisht so the god of Loue,
That he a question thus did moue.
You Nymphes and Goddesses of grace,
How doe you call this sacred place:
This is (quoth they) the Muses fountaine,
Impayl'd with many a craggy mountaine,
The name of it is *Helycon*:
Hence *Germanes* bounds first borders on,
It parts the lowe Dutch from the high,
And heere great *Casars* crowne doth lye:
We know yong Archer thou art sent,
To wound a Prince with Lones content;
Thy shaft shall not be shot in vaine,
For he a faire Princeesse shall gaine:

D

Whose

Cupids iourney to Germany,

Whose beauty no *Appelles* needes,
Hir vertues all our worths exceeds.
But hast thee *Cupid*, flye away,
And *Hymen* crowne their Nuptiall day:
The one ey'd boy tooke leaue of all,
And tooke vp's bowe which he lets fall.
His quiuer on his backe he hung,
And spread both wings and vp he sprung;
With matchlesse swiftnesse to the *Rhine*,
Which shewes the way to *Palatine*:
But being driuen in by stormes,
He was constrained to lodge at *Wormes*.
The Cities worth the God admires,
And the next day he din'd at *Spyres*.
But e're the night approached nye,
He came to the Vniuersitie;
Cal'd *Hedelberg* a famous place,
Where he beheld the Princes grace
Well mounted on a stately steed,
Which did *Bucephalus* exceed.
The day had left the *Easterne Coast*,
And to faire *Thetis* gallopt post;
Which made the *Germane* mountaines darke,
Cupid drew nye to view the marke:
And at his bosome sent a shaft,
Which after it a tincture left;
No sooner *Cupid* dedicates
This stroke, but straight he elenates
To the gods, where he a lecture redde,
How loue had metamorphosed

This

and the effects of the same.

This Princes heart perplex with paine,
Which caused him to crosse the maine
To Brittaines Coast, first *Grave-send* gaines him,
And *England* brauely entertaines him.
The Court his company desires,
London the louely Prince admires;
Such ioy sprung forth on euery side,
That all the Gods mans mirth enuide:
Therefore they held a Parliament,
How they might worke his discontent,
Last they agree'd (O! dismall day)
To take our chiefeft hope away.
Grim visag'd death presum'd to strike
A Prince that neuer had his like;
For as his vertue all excel'd
His valour was vnparralel'd
Heauen tooke his worth, earth knew his want,
And made a generall complaint;
Great *Brittaine* clad in sable blacke,
With endlesse teares lament his lacke.
This hopefull match begot great gladnesse,
But *Henries* death a solemne sadnesse.
And had not these two opposites
Met, *England* sure had lost hir wits:
For had their beene no funerall,
To stay this happy Nuptiall
This Kingdome being ouerjoy'd,
With mirth her selfe might haue destroy'd.
So had their beene no Nuptiall,
After this driery funerall,

Cupids journey to Germany;

This Iland would her selfe confound,
Of force to drowne with her owne teares ^(Drown) ~~of force to~~
A heart of cork. Therefore the Scene,
'Twixt mirth and mourning kept the meane,
And time which all things doth expell,
Provided for this Kingdome wel:
For though he tooke our hope away,
He left behinde a second stay,
Whom heauens highest hand preserue
For he all goodnesse doth deserue.
Thus leauing hearts with sorrowes clad,
For him whose like earth neuer had;
Tis fit my pen pursue the carriage,
Of this selected sacred marriage:
Twixt these two Princes dignity,
Who were with all solemnitie,
Ioynd with the forefront of the spring,
In Nuptiall bands before a King.
But time that for no King will stay,
Conducts this Virgin bride away;
T'wards her new confines, blest conten
Attended on her grace in *Kent*:
The trees stood all in suites of greene,
To guard this Nymph-like natures *Queen*.
She leaues a Land where she is knowne,
To see a strange Land of her owne.
The louely *Nightingale* did sing,
Hir sweete farewell from *Englands King*.
Thus after many parting stories,
Time brought them to their territories:

Time.

and the effects of the same.

And eare twelue moneths their course had run
Betwixt them they posselt a Sonne.
This blessed newes the Seas sent post,
To comfort vs for him we lost;
From *Henry's* ashes, there is sprung,
A second *Henry*, who eare long
We hope shall in this Land arriue,
The hearts of all men to reuiue:
And greet his royall *Grand-fires* raigne,
The *Queene* and's Vncle *Charlamayne*.
Whom heauen still protect and blesse,
With royall issue to possesse
This Kingdome, Scepter, and beare sway,
Till Sunne and Moone doe passe away.

FINIS.

D 3

The



The Originall and continuance of the
most Noble Order of the Garter, as it was spoken
before the Kings Maiestie, on Saint GEORGES
day last : Anno Dom. 1616.
By W. FENNOR.

E *Dward* the third, that truly Potent King,
whose Temples worthily wore *Englands* Crowne:
This Noble Order, of whose fame I le sing,
inuents for *Britaines* Trophy of renowne.
Salsburies Countesse, hath all Ladies grac't,
that loose their Garter, yet keepe Honour chaste.

From Honor'd chastitie the Garter fell,
and in a moment rose to royaltie:
King *Edward* grac't this Ladies fauour well,
who humbly bends his kingly Maiesty,
Catcht vp the ribbon had a leg inbrac't
that neuer capor'd with a step vnchaste.

The Lady dies her cheekes with tell-tale redde
which blabs she blushes, that her Garters found,
By him that had aduanc't it to a head,
which with Imperiall dignity was crown'd:
The Nobles murmur, and the King by chance
perceiv'd, spoke *Hony soit quy maly pense.*

Ex.

of the Noble Order of the Garter.

Exchanges lawlesse loue for lawfull Armes,
buckles on' armour, weell's his warlike sword,
Beats his brack't Drums, Trumpets sounds alarums :
thus like bold *Hector* rode he to the field,
Subdu'd his foes, and for his deeds in fight,
of the rich Garter was instal'd a Knight.

Which bred such luster in each Noble brest,
as if new *Troy* had mustred vp the Sonnes,
Of strong back't *Priam*, and amongst the rest,
the bold blacke *Prince* toth' field most fiercely runs;
And with his sword hammo'r'd in *Vulcans* forge,
made the French *Dennys* kneele to *English George*.

For which he with the Garter was instal'd,
and made a Knight of that most Noble Order;
With many other Nobles that were cal'd
worthy by fame, that ancient, true *Recorder*.
The Garter bred such luster in great hearts,
each stroue for excellence in Armes and Arts.

Saint Patricks Crosse, did to the Garter vayne,
Saint Iaques Order waxt with anger pale;
Saint Davids leeke began to droue with tale,
Saint Dennys he sat mourning in a dale;
Saint Andreu look't with cheerefull appetite,
as though toth' Garter he had future right.

But

The Originall and continuance,

But Dragon-killing *George* that still depends
vpon the Garter since third *Edwards* dayes;
In this age present hath as many friends,
as well deseruing high eternall praise:
As any ages euer had before,
neuer at one time better; neuer more.

Hanniball stroue for *Romes* triumphant bayes,
Scipio for the *Carthaginians* bough;
But thanklesse Senators did dimme the rayes,
of these two worthies, and would not allow,
Nor wreath, nor branch, they dy'd and left their fame
vnto the glory of the Garters name.

Impartially a royall King bestowes it,
vpon some Subiect worthy of the wearing;
• His Armes aduanc't within a Church that owes it,
the oath administred in publike hearing,
Which being falsified, the *Honors* crost,
by Heraldry, the Armes, and Garter lost.

Say that a man long languishing in loue,
whose heart with hope and feare growes cold and
Admit some pittie should his sweet-heart moue, (warmed
to knit a fauour on his feeble arme;
All parts would ioyne, to makethat one ioynt strong,
to appose any that his loue should wrong.

The

of the Noble Order of the Garter.

The Garter is the fauour of a King
clasping the leg, on which mans best part stands;
A poesy in t', as in a Nuptiall ring,
binding the heart, to their liege Lord in bands;
That whil' st the leg hath strength, or the arme power,
to kill that Serpent would their King deuoure.

For which the *George* is as a *Trophy* worne,
and may it long, and long remaine with those,
Which to that excellent dignitie are borne:
as opposites vnto their Countries foes.
God keepe our King and them from Romes black pen,
let all that loue the Garter say, *Amen.*

FINIS.

the



The Deciding of the Difference be-
twixt the two Vniuersities, Oxford and Cambridge,

*about the Kings entertainment, spoke before his
Maieſty at Theobalds, the xij. of Iuly,*

1615. By W. F.

P*ernassus* and the fountaine fell at ods,
Who should giue best content vnto the gods:
The mountaine spake, tis not thy fenne can yeeld
Such learned Arts, nor can thy foggy fiel'd,
Giue such delightfull taste to gods or men,
As my sweet shady groues; *Hellicon* then
Returnes this answere, though thou that stands on high,
My braines are moist when thine are hote and dry.
But leauing this vpbraiding argument,
To stand to triall dar'st thou be content:
(Dare? quoth *Pernassus*) yes I dare and will,
Make triall when thou dar'st not shew thy skill.
Thus throwing downe their Gauntlets they appeal'd,
Vnto the Gods who iustly with them deal'd:
Ioue sent his nimble footed *Mercury*,
With all the Trophies of high *Herauldry*,
To signifie vnto the learned Mount,
That kingly *Ioue* him selfe made full account
To visite him in's progresse; she or'ioy'd,
His chieftest, choyest, curest wits imploy'd;

To

betweene the two Uniuersities.

To giue him welcome, *Sylvian* left the woods,
Heards-men their cattell, Towns-men from their goods;
Fled with amazement to behold the shew
Of royall maiestie. Amongst this rowe
Stept in some fortie of *Helconians* race,
Amongst the *Pernassians* tooke their place,
To view in secret note the whole euent
Of his receiuing, welcome, and content,
And where a word or letter was mistooke,
To Brack a gram it in a Table-booke.
Time turn'd three hower glasses, whilst they stood
Expecting him whose sight should doe them good:
But on a sudden all their voyces summes,
A ioyfull generall clamour, yon he comes,
See, see, whose that rides with agilitie;
Peace, peace, that's one of the Nobilitie,
Who passed by in state and due degree;
And after them his Royall Maiestie.
Drawne by the winged Coursers of the sunne,
About whose Chariot thousand people runne:
With shouts of ioy the multitude still speakes,
Welcome dread King, the Students, *Vivat Rex*:
The *Heards-men* mov'd to testifie their loues,
Bestow'd on him a paire of hunting gloues.
So vsward him vnto *Parnassus* hill,
And there to welcome him shew'd their best skill,
With Masking, reuells, and a Comedy,
Which was performed very solemnly.
In penning it the Poet paines did take,
To cause *long* sleepe, though he himselfe did wake.

The deciding of the difference

But when their sports were past, great *Ioue* retyr'd,
Yet at their learned arts he much admir'd :
Helycons Nymphs returned to their Cell,
And there the whole discourse of all did tell :
Which when some heard, they laid their heads together,
And made a Ballad of the *Buck-skins* leather.

The kings
entertain-
ment at
Cambridge.

Now time with stealing steps doth swiftly hast,
Imagine seauen yeeres compleatly past ;
When *Ioue* remembring the Gods request,
Hath tane his royall iourney North by East ;
To visit the distressed *Helycon*,
Whose face till now his eye neare look't vpon.
Parnassus hearing, that he thither would,
From frozen *Alpes* sent forth a bitter cold ;
Which did congeale the waues of *Neptune* so,
That all the water in the ayre turn'd snow.
And from the ponderous clouds, fell downe in flakes,
Couering high mountaines, filling dales and lakes.
By which the little brookes forsooke their bounds ;
And waters all the passages so drown'ds,
That thousands durst not venture, yet his Grace
Held firme his resolution, spight the face
Of griled *Hyems*, or strene *Boreas*,
Eolus, *Auster*, or sweet *Zephirus*.
Thither he would to view the learned skill,
Betwixt the fountaine and *Parnassus* hill.
Minerua hearing this, she cal's the *Clownes*,
And rusticke swaines, and faide, put on your gowndes ;
You first shall meet his Maiestie in order,
By the aduice and wit of your *Recorder* :

Out

betweene the two Vniuersities.

Out rode the rustickes in their glittering pride,
And when they had their royall *Ioue* espyed,
Vpstart God *Pan*, who with a studied speech
His kingly Maiesty he did beseech;
That hee'd be pleas'd still to protect his darling,
Before his Croch came neere by halfe a furlong.
Moreouer that the Nymphes might beare no sway,
Aboue them and their wiues by night or day.
And furthermore their good wils to vnfold,
They gaue a siluer cup was three yeeres old:
So gaue him way, he on rides toward's the Towne,
Met by *Minerua* in a scarlet gowne;
Who spoke a rare speech, of such high deseruing;
That at the very first she shew'd her learning.
Which when *Ioue* heard he rode vnto the Cell,
And after was conducted to the well;
Where he most freely of the water tasted,
And for foure daies this royall pastime lasted.
But when *Mineruaes* maides their wits had spent,
Great *Ioue* retir'd thence incontinent:
Yet at his parting graciously did say,
He would returne and visite them in *May*.
Which promise he perform'd, *Parnassus* then
Wrote sharpe inuectiues from her whipping penne,
Which sent to *Helicon*, were backe retorted,
Thus these two worthies the wide world haue sported.
Th' are like two famous Castles in one Towne,
Who for their worth's would put each other downe:
Or like a iealous husband who breeds strife,
If he espy another lookes on's wife.

The deciding of the difference, &c.

Two beautilous Virgins cannot well indure,
One man vnto them both should be made sure :
Were there a difference t' wood be no contention,
But being equals both, breeds this discention.
But to conclude, *Parnassus* is the mountaine,
Of learned Arts; and *Helicon* the fountaine,
And this is all I'll say of both, I thinke
The one giues food to vs, the other drinke :
Then why should they each others worth controule;
Since they can both giue Physicke for the soule ?



FINIS.

The



A speech concerning the *Gowries* treason,
and the Gun-Powder-Plot: spoken before
the Kings Maiesty, at the Bishops Palace at Salysbury,
Alias Sarum, the fifth of August.
1615. By W. F.



NO Poets Muse can better tidings bring
Then mine: the safetie of a royall King;
Yet I with words cannot describe the faction,
So well as you, dread King, which try'd the action
Of base deluding Traitours: whose inuention
Proceeded from the authour of discention.
Whose blacke plots in the heart all mischief sowe,
Which not prevented to ranke Treason growes.
As this day well can witnesse to all ages,
The *Gowries* cruell and insatiate rages:
Well may their titles stile them goe awry,
Who in their by-paths led a King to die.
But th'Almightie for his chosen stands,
And strikes amazement, staies the villaines hands,
That are lift vp against his true Anointed,
All praise be to him, that all disappointed;
Nay, gaue vnto your Maiesty such strength,
To grapple with your Butcher, till at length
He shew'd his power, as once to *Abraham*,
And in the place of *Isaac* sent a *Ram*;

Who

A speech concerning the Gowries,

Who rushing through the midst of bramble thornes,
He gor'd the *Gowries* with his two edg'd hornes;
Which deed hath rais'd his name eternally,
And hurl'd them downe to lasting infamy.
For whosoever speakes of *Ramsfeyes* name,
Shall sound it to the *Gowries* endlesse shame:
Or whilst the fifth of *August* can giue light,
Let men giue praises to the God of might.
And let it be as Holy-day obserued,
Wherein your grace by wonder was preserued.

Or who soeuer shall that day remember
Let him record the fifth of cold *November*,
Where they the Diuels highest plot shall read;
Who sought not to destroy the royall seede
Alone: but with it all posteritie,
The Gentry and the States Nobilitie.
Making this Land a *Chaos* in an houre,
After replant in it their forraine power:
But heauen's iust, when he begins to speake,
And sent a warning in *Mounteagles* beake;
As he by *Ioseph* did to *Pharaoh* tell,
Of scarcitie for th' good of *Israel*.
So in your royall heart he sent a doubt,
By which the hight of Treason was found out:
And the base Traitors for their workes rewarded,
Thus a good Prince is by the Angels guarded.
What Plots were lay'd gainst *Queene Elizabeth*,
To cut her off by an vntimely death?
Yet maugre all their blasted blacke infection
She liv'd, till heauen cal'd her by election.

Inioy

and the Gun-powder Treason.

Inioy abounding, and her Princely Throne,
She left vnto your Maiesty alone:
Whom God hath placed with a peacefull hand,
The like hath scarce beene heard in any Land;
To haue so many foes, and all turne friends
By th' which the sword of warre, toth' Oliue bends.
I ghesse the reason since you entred heere,
The Lion rampant keepes the rest in feare:
The Dragon is dismiss, whose poysonous breath;
Hath oft beene cause of many a thousands death.
And in the place you haue put the *Unicorne*,
T' expell the poyson with his precious *Horne*;
By which each royall subiect safe may dyne,
And taste the propper fruit of his owne vine:
Then if ingratefull men will this record,
Can they forget to praise or laud the Lord
For his preseruing, of you many wayes,
Giuing them peace in your most happy daies.
Sure who forgets, is an vngratefull guest,
Not worthy to inioy this peacefull feast:
Which God continue many, many yeeres,
And still preserue you from all forraine feares:
False plots at home, euer confounding those,
Who in their heart professe to be your foes.
But let good subiects *Halleluiah* sing
To God, for the protecting our good King,
O! let their prayers inuocate agen,
God long preserue your grace, *Amen, Amen.*

F I N I S.

F

A



A Pastorall Sonnet containing a
Parliament of the Gods.

Walking of late it was my chance,
To view *Floraes* rosy bowers;
When drowlie *Morpheus* into a trance,
Did confine me certaine howres
Where I might spy, very much resort passe to amaine
And one did come vnto me this meeting to explaine.
Come, quoth he, prepare thy selfe to goe,
Where thou shalt attend,
I to thee the full euent will shew
Whereto and what end:
Straight me thought I was conuayed away,
Wherevnto my sense he did display,
How that this meeting was of all the Gods,
And that braue *Mars* and *Vulcane* false were at ods:
Vulcane as plaintiffe did for iustice cry,
Cause *Mars* which was defendant, did with *Venus* lye.
And moreouer would discover,
but (alas) it was, his fate:
Whil'st he's working, they are lurking,
how they may cornute his pate
Straight a discention there arose,
Who in iudgement chiefe should sit,

A Pastorall Song, containing

Fearing that man would hold them as foes,
Each of other thought most fit.
At last it past, that bright *Sol* as *Vmpire* needs must stand,
For why, his eye vnderneath the *Spheares*,
hath chiefe command.

Phœbus at the last did condescend,
Yet with this condition
Cynthia might sit as *Venus* friend,
Ioyntly in commission:
Presently was set a chaire of State,
On which the pale fac't *Luna* sat;
Next *Ioue* and *Iuno*, did assume their place;
Then *Saturne*, *Aolus*, and *Neptune* with his Mace.
After *Appollo* with the *Muses* nine,
And blackt fac't *Pluto* tooke his place by *Proserpine*:
And belowe, there sat a rowe of Shepheards,
Which adore God *Pan*:
Each one sitting, all thing fitting,
straight a silence there began.

A ciuill silence being proclaimed,
One there stood vp presently,
And as I deeme he was *Mercury* nam'd,
Which full loud began to cry
O yes, then he pausd a while and began againe,
O yes, silence in the Court on further paine.
Thus O yes, being thrice proclaimed,
they beginne to plod,
On the inditements which pertained
gainst this worldly god.

A Pastorall Song containing

Straight a lury of twelue Shepheards Swaines,
Which with rurall pastime keepe the plaines;
Impannel'd were the sole euent to proue
'Twixt Noble *Mars*, and *Venus* faire, the Queene of loue.
Without Atturneyes *Mars* and *Vulcane* plead,
And *Venus* absent, *Cupid* stood in 's mothers stead:
Vulcan still swore, *Mars* did ill,

in wronging of his marriage bed;
Which was cause 'gainst reason lawes,
he alwayes wore a *Heart-like* head.

Mars in reply was resolute,
As he e're in the field did fight,
And soone he did poore *Vulcane* confute
Sometime might, may ore'come right.
Yet he did gree vnto all that *Vulcan* could report,
And would withhold, if this age would yeeld him better
For, quoth *Mars*, alas, I am kept so long (sport.
From my wonted vse,
'Tis no maruell though I *Vulcan* wrong
With so small abuse.

Idely I sleepe in Ladies laps,
Childishly I am dandled on their paps;
Armour, shield, sword, which oft my foes did chase,
Are into filkes and veluets turn'd, O too too base,
I that before my foes in field did iust,
Now in a downe-bed lye, whil'ft all my Armor doth rust,
Souldiers now, alas must bow,

vnto each filken feathered Swaine;
That before had gold good store,
besides the credit they did gaine.
Thus

a Parliament of the Gods.

Thus hauing ended, the Iury refin'd
The sole verdict, which did say,
Mars in no error at all they could finde,
But the Fault in *Cupid* lay:
Which then began to excuse himselfe, but all in vaine,
And swore no more rusticke clownes,
henceforth his loue should gaine.

Crooked *Vulcan* seeing that his suit,
Might no whit preuaile
On poore *Cupid*, which alas stood mute,
He began to raile,
Hudwink't boy, how darest thou be so bold,
As let flie those shafts whose heads were gold;
It had beene fitter shot with them of lead,
Then *Mars* had ne're made me to weare a horned head.
Cupid made answer, vrging this disgrace
If hornes thou were,
 thou need'st not feare to breake thy face;
Sol stood vp & drank a cup of *Nectar*, to his fellow gods
Which being done, he thus begun,
 to sentence this there forepast odds.

Cupid, quoth *Phæbus*, hold vp thy hand,
Heare thy sentence from my lips ;
Twelue moneths I banish thee the Faiery Land,
Cause bright *Mars* thou dost eclipse,
Thy flight with spight, hath bereft souldiers thy chiefeft
In place of disgrace, hath tooke vp her seat, (ioy
to worke annoy:
Wel, quoth *Cupid*, I your wils obey, but il'e match you al;
F 3 And

A Pastorall Song, &c.

And no doubt, ea're long i'll finde a day,
when to minde i'll call;
How that you wrong'd the God of loue,
As the flout's of all in time shall proue:
Peace else, quoth *Ioue*, what dost thou threaten me?
Yes *Ioue*, ere long, shall finde me strong,
to ore match thee.
The Court being ended, long they did not stay
They to their Mansions, *Cupid* banish't, went away.
Then came he that first led me,
with charge my vision to indite
Twixt warres King, and loues bright Queene,
to relate poore *Cupid*'s flight.
He being gone, my eyes anone, from sleepe wak'd,
their halcy fringes,
Now remains, I take some paines,
in the relating *Ioue*'s reuenge.

FINIS.

Gentle Reader, in *Cupid*'s journey to *Germany*, there is a
line misplac'd, being the second line of the last page last line.
Of force to draw'd with his owne reuenge read lib. 10. cap. 10.
With his owne reuenge, of force to draw'd.

